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The
GAY NINETIES

The GAY NINETIES

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A BOOK OF
DRAWINGS

by

R. V. CULTER

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1927

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FOREWORD

IN THE spring of 1925, Richard Culter came into the *Life* office with three drawings of scenes and people in the eighteen nineties. He submitted them to Robert Sherwood, the editor of *Life*, Frank Casey, the art editor, and myself, in the hope that they might develop into a series under the general heading, "The Gay Nineties."

We liked Mr. Culter's drawings enormously—I can't imagine that anyone would fail to appreciate the perfection of his draughtsmanship or the complete truthfulness of his subjects; but we frankly doubted that "The Gay Nineties" would appeal to a wide circle of our readers.

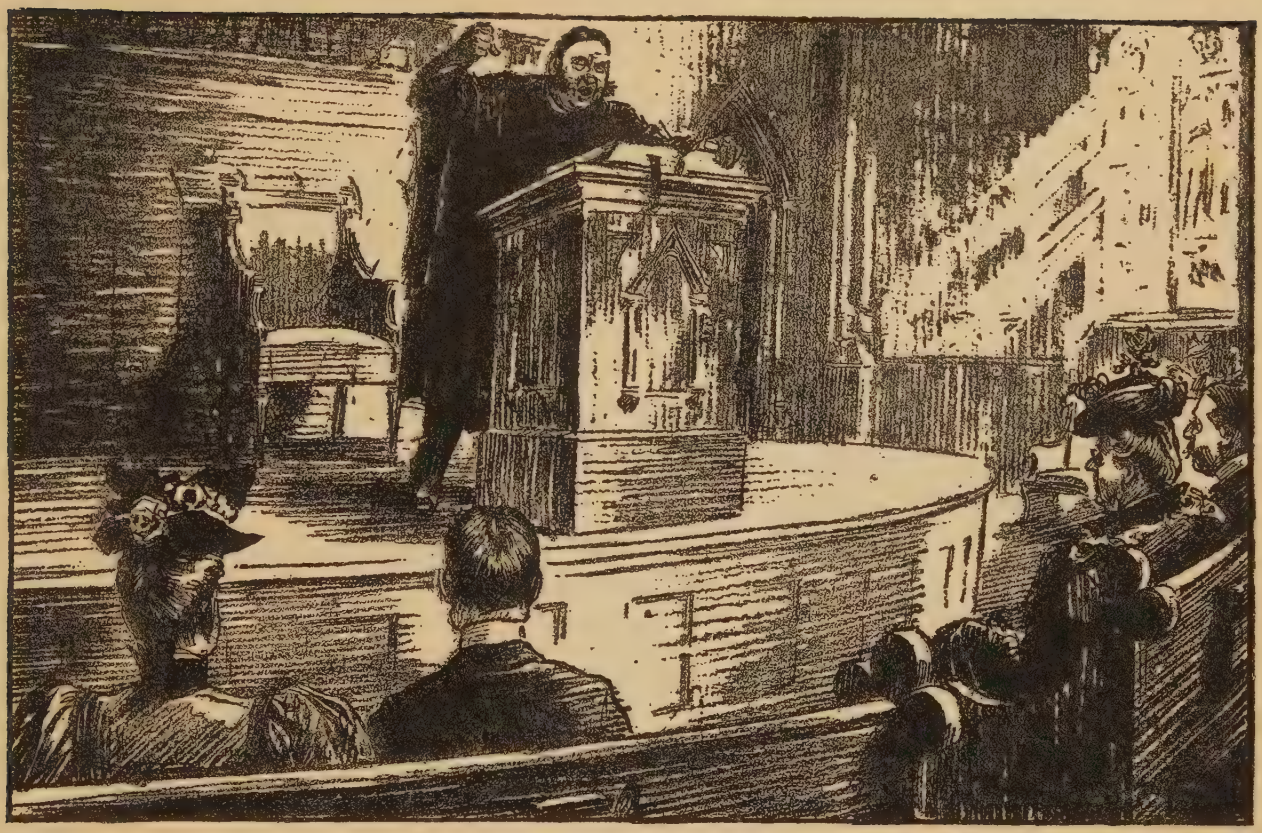
Nevertheless, we published the three drawings—and have continued the series in *Life* ever since. It proved to be one of those rare features—so eagerly sought for by all harassed editors, and so infrequently found—which are characterized, in the jargon of our trade, as "sure fire."

Doddering, decrepit veterans who have lived to the ripe old age of thirty-five, enjoy Mr. Culter's drawings because they reflect, so honestly, the costumes and customs of their dear, dead youth. Children who have been born in this century relish "The Gay Nineties" because of their archæological interest—much as children of my generation were fascinated by reminiscences of the Civil War.

Mr. Culter has the ability to reflect life in terms of humor, and he has succeeded in representing the Gay Nineties as really gay. Look through the pages of this book and study the people that Mr. Culter has drawn; even though you survey them from the eminence of 1927—even though you laugh heartily at their ludicrous attire, their ridiculous headdresses—you will come to the conclusion that they must have had a thoroughly good time.

Which, if memory has not utterly failed me, they did.

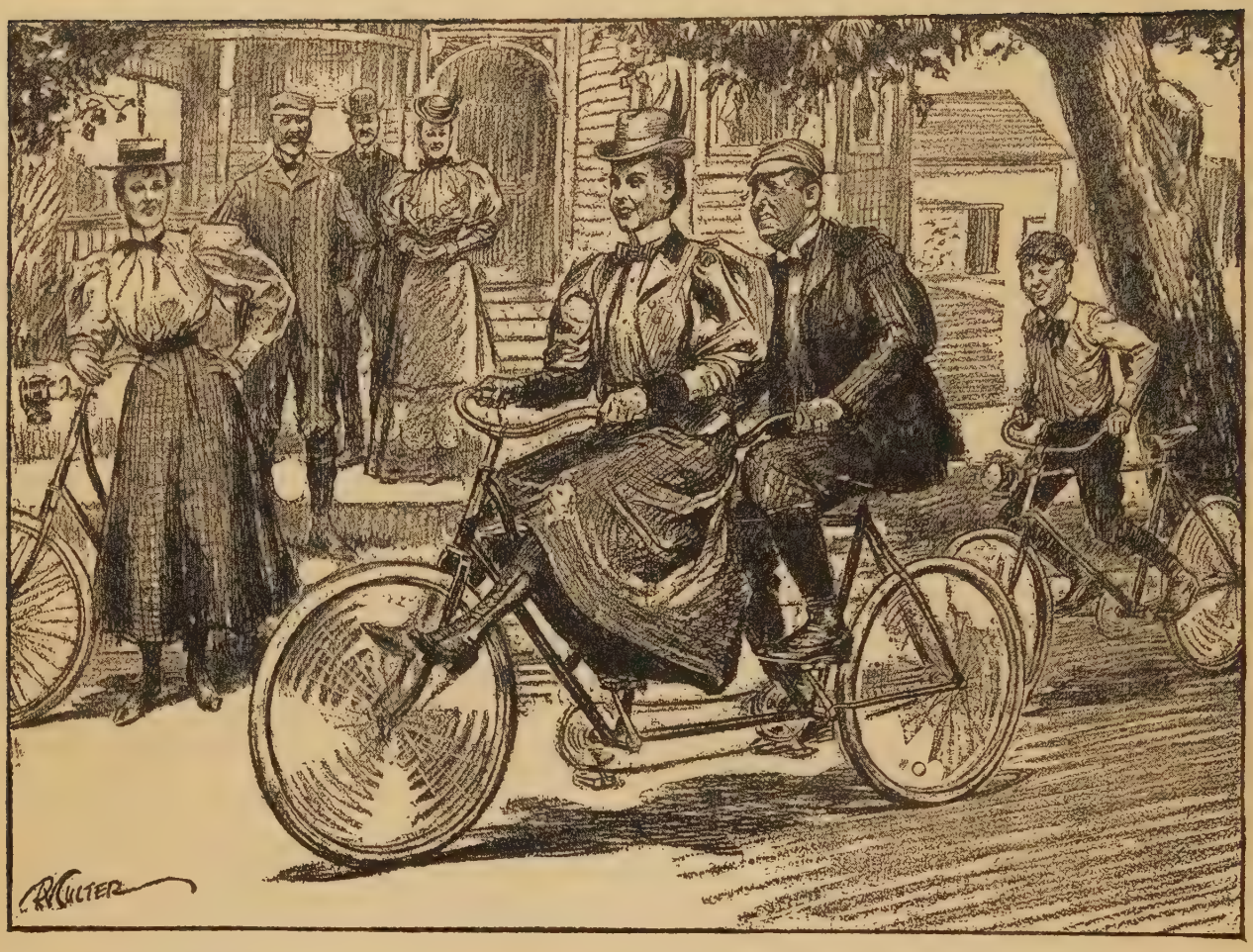
The
GAY NINETIES



"THE REVEREND THADDEUS BAWLEM, IN A POWERFUL SERMON YESTERDAY, ATTRIBUTED THE FALLING OFF IN CHURCH ATTENDANCE TO THE NEW BICYCLE CRAZE," ETC.

PHINEAS HAS FALLEN FOR THE NEW "CAMERA FEVER" AND IS TRYING HIS HAND AT A FAMILY GROUP ALL DRESSED UP TO START TO CHURCH. ESTHER, ON THE EXTREME RIGHT OF THE GROUP, HAS JUST COME BACK FROM NEW YORK AND HER CAPE IS THE VERY LATEST AGONY.

THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON FAMILY COUNCIL TO DECIDE THE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS WAY TO TURN THE OLD PLUM-COLORED POPLIN DRESS.



THE FELLOW WITH THE TANDEM BICYCLE WAS ALWAYS SURE TO BE POPULAR—BUT HE PAID DEARLY FOR HIS POPULARITY IN THE LONG RUN.

OUTRAGED WOMANHOOD HOLDING AN IMPROMPTU INDIGNATION MEETING IN FRONT OF A BILLBOARD ADVERTISING THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO GLORIFY THE AMERICAN GIRL ON THE STAGE. ALSO SHOWING A HAPLESS MALE OF THE PERIOD ABOUT TO GO TO THE DEMNITION BOW-WOWS UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE QUICKLY TO SAFEGUARD HIS MORALS.

THE NIFTY LITTLE LIVERY STABLE "RIG," WITH THE RED WHEELS AND RUBBER TIRES, WHICH WAS DATED UP FOR WEEKS IN ADVANCE. ALSO THE USUAL LIVERY STABLE HORSE WHO WANTED TO TURN UP EVERY SIDE STREET, AND *ALWAYS* MANAGED TO GET HIS TAIL OVER A REIN JUST AS YOU WERE PASSING SOMEBODY YOU KNEW.

THE FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH CRAZE

THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON RIDE IN THE FAMILY SURREY WITH THE FRINGED TOP. RESTING THE HORSES AND EXERCISING THE CHILDREN ON THE HILL.

THE SINGING WAITER STARTING THE MAMMY SONG CRAZE

"She lingered through the summer,
But when the frost and snow—
The bitter winds of winter
Very quickly laid her low.
She died in my embraces
With spirits calm and brave
And now a weeping willow
Hangs silently o'er her grave.

"I often go to see her grave
To keep the verdure green;
And plant a spotless lily
Upon the peaceful scene;
And feel the satisfaction
Of knowing—though she's dead—
I tried to do my duty—to—
The words my Father said:

CHORUS:

"'Stick to your Mother, John,
When I am gone.
Don't let her worry, lad.
Don't let her mourn.
Remember that she nursed you
When I was far away.
Don't leave your Mother—
When her hair turns gray.'"

"HEY, MISTER! IS IT RAINING IN LONDON?"

(*A disciple of the new-style trousers with cuffs found a considerable demand upon his poise and fortitude.*)

SHOWING A JOLLY LITTLE BEACH PARTY WHOSE SWIM IS ABOUT TO BE RUINED BY A REPORT OF THE SIGHTING OF ANOTHER SEA SERPENT OFF THE JERSEY COAST. BUT GREAT AS WAS THE FEAR OF SEA SERPENTS IN THOSE HALCYON DAYS—THE FEAR OF SUNBURN WAS APPARENTLY GREATER.

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR, AND HIS STAFF COME TO TOWN. THOSE WERE THE DEAR OLD DAYS WHEN *MEN* WERE GOVERNORS, AND HORSEMANSHIP WENT HAND IN HAND WITH STATESMANSHIP.

THE VANGUARD OF STRAGGLERS, FROM THE "CENTURY RUN" OF THE LOCAL BICYCLE CLUB, BEGINS TO DRIFT BACK INTO TOWN.

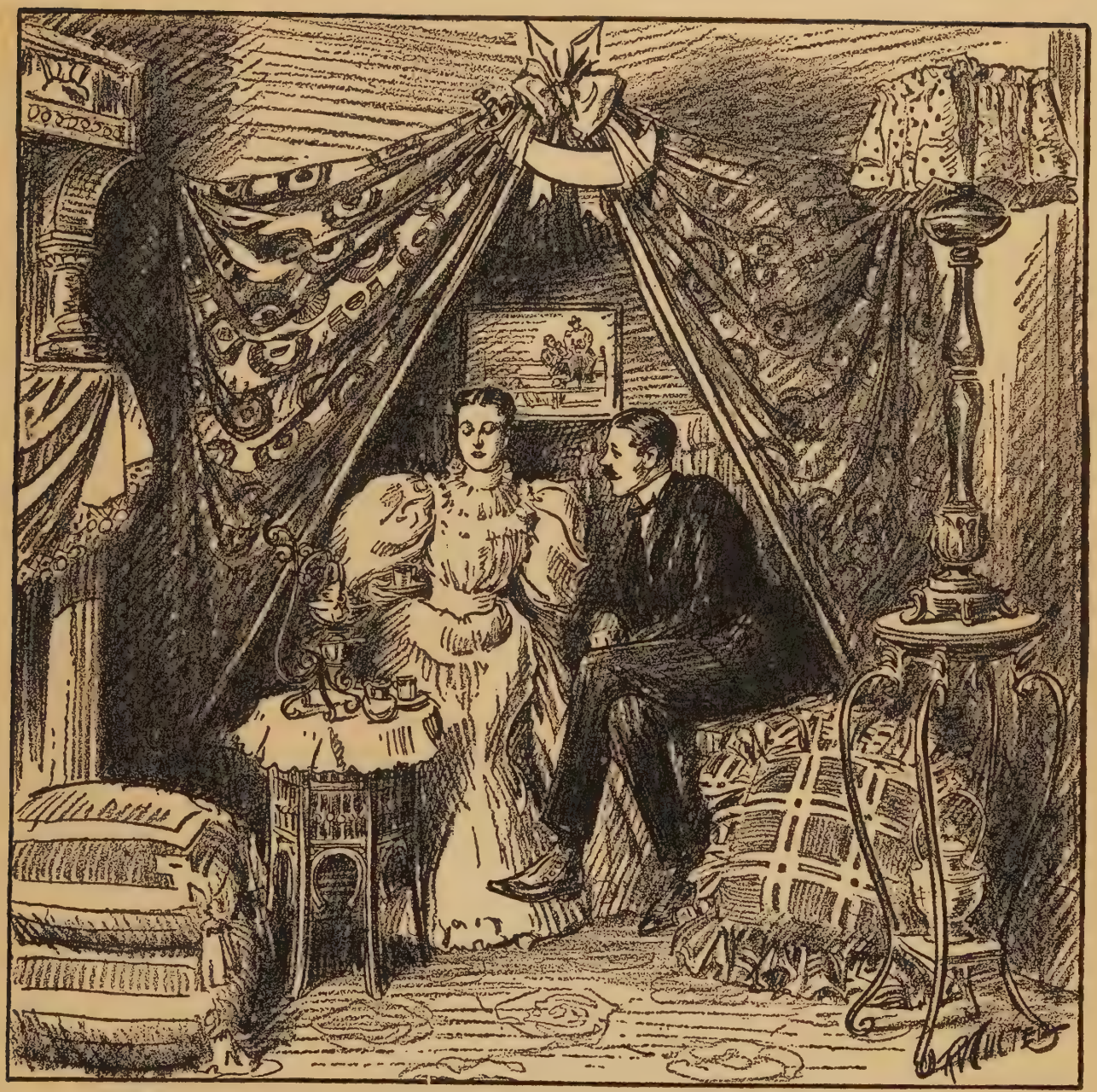
HOUSEWIVES OF THE LATE NINETIES HOLDING A COUNCIL OF WAR ON THE H. C. OF L. THE GIST OF WHICH IS—MY, MY, WHAT ARE THINGS COMING TO, ANYWAY? NOT ONLY HAVE EGGS GONE UP TO A PENNY EACH AND MILK TO SIX CENTS A QUART, BUT *NOW* THE MARKETS HAVE STOPPED GIVING AWAY SOUP GREENS WHEN YOU BUY A SOUP BONE. GOOD GRACIOUS, AT THIS RATE, PORTERHOUSE STEAK IS LIABLE TO REACH NINETEEN CENTS A POUND, AND EVERYBODY WILL HAVE TO DO WITHOUT IT.

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE DINING ROOM IN THE "NINETIES," SHOWING THE OLD-FASHIONED MAID-OF-ALL-WORK. HULDA NEVER COULD QUITE BE BROKEN OF THE HABIT OF LAUGHING UPROARIOUSLY AT THE JOKES OF THE GUESTS—BUT SHE WOULD WASH THE WINDOWS, TEND THE FURNACE, DO THE FAMILY WASH, AND CUT THE LAWN IN ADDITION TO THE REGULAR HOUSEWORK, ALL FOR TWELVE DOLLARS A MONTH. AND SHE STAYED IN THE SAME FAMILY FOR YEARS AND YEARS.

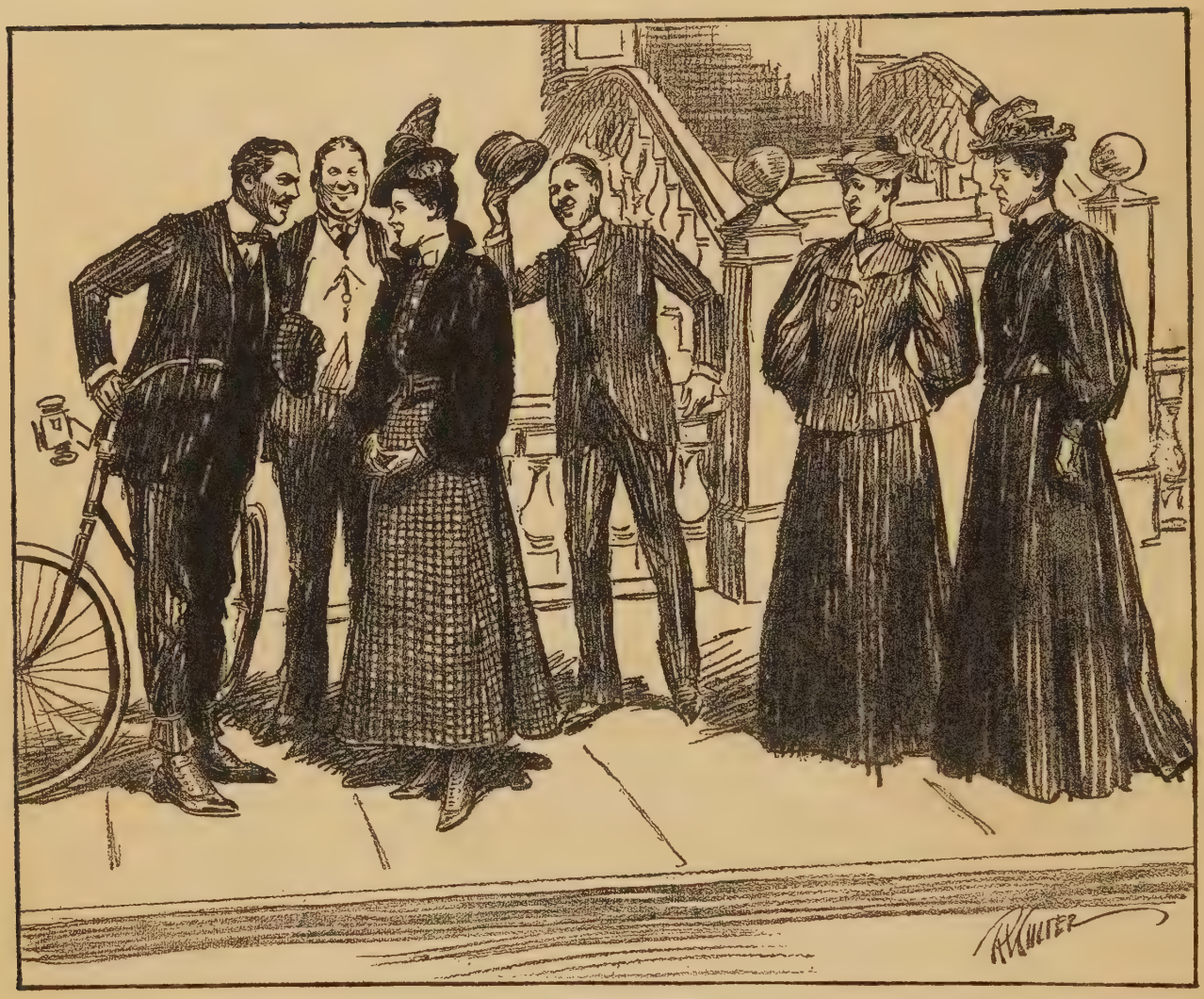
THE PORTER OF THE BUFFET CAR ON THE LIMITED HAS JUST INFORMED TWO CONVIVIAL PASSENGERS THAT THEY ARE TRAVELING THROUGH A "DRY" STATE AND HE WILL NOT BE ALLOWED TO SERVE ANY MORE HARD DRINKS FOR FIFTY-THREE MINUTES. THE REMARKS OF THE TWO C. P.'S. WHEN EXPURGATED, ARE TO THE EFFECT THAT THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS WHEN ANY BLANKETY BLANK LAW CAN DICTATE TO A FREE CITIZEN OF THIS ENLIGHTENED COUNTRY WHAT HE CAN OR CANNOT DRINK —ETC., ETC.

A GROUP OF STERLING ATHLETES IN THE DAYS WHEN JAWN J. MCGRAW HARDLY HAD A PENNANT TO HIS NAME. BASEBALL, IN THOSE PRE-LANDIS DAYS, WAS PLAYED MOSTLY ACCORDING TO THE RULES LAID DOWN BY THE LATE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY, AND UMPIRES WERE CONSIDERED LEGITIMATE PREY.

A RED-LETTER SUNDAY'S OUTING. TAKING THE NEW TROLLEY OUT PAST THE WATER WORKS TO THE END OF THE LINE AND BACK. THIS WAS NOT SO TAME AS IT SOUNDS; FOR, BETWEEN SWITCHES, THE WHINING, SWAYING, PITCHING TROLLEY OF THE NINETIES WAS REALLY THE DADDY OF THE HAIR-RAISING MODERN ROLLER-COASTER. AND WHEN IT HITCHED ITSELF PERILOUSLY AROUND A CORNER AT TOP SPEED IT WAS CONSIDERED PERFECTLY PROPER FOR LADIES TO SCREAM—IN FACT. IT WAS ALMOST COMPULSORY.

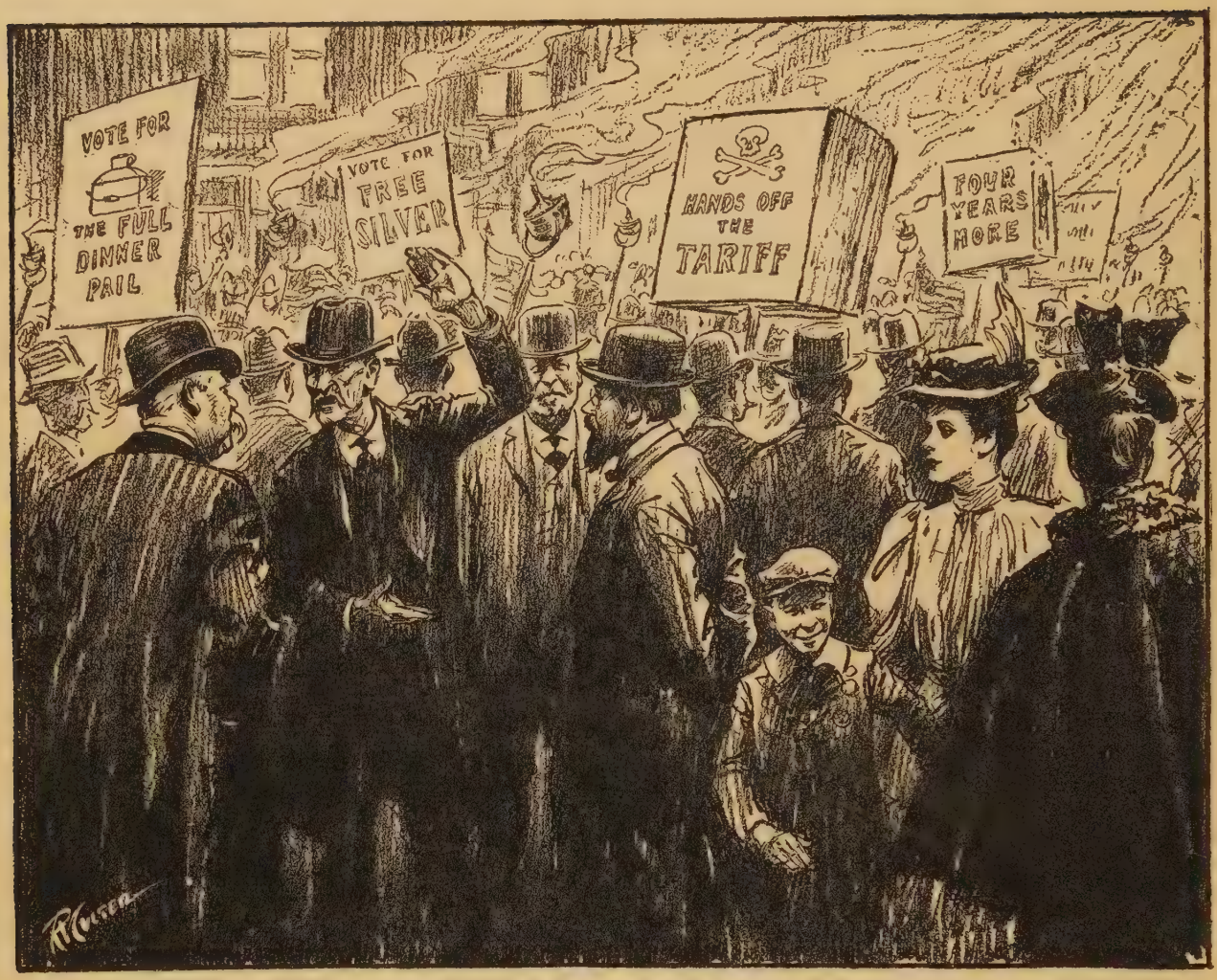


THE TURKISH-CORNER CRAZE. THESE ARTISTIC DUST-CATCHERS OF THE EARLY NINETIES WERE SUPPOSED TO BE TERRIBLY ROMANTIC AND ARE PROBABLY WHAT IS MEANT BY THE PHRASE—"TURKISH ATROCITIES."



OUR MODERN YOUNG MISS WITH THE ROLLED STOCKINGS AND BLATANT KNEES IS PROBABLY THE DAUGHTER OF THAT HUSSY OF THE NINETIES WHO WORE HER "RAINY-DAISY" SKIRT WHEN THERE WASN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKIES.

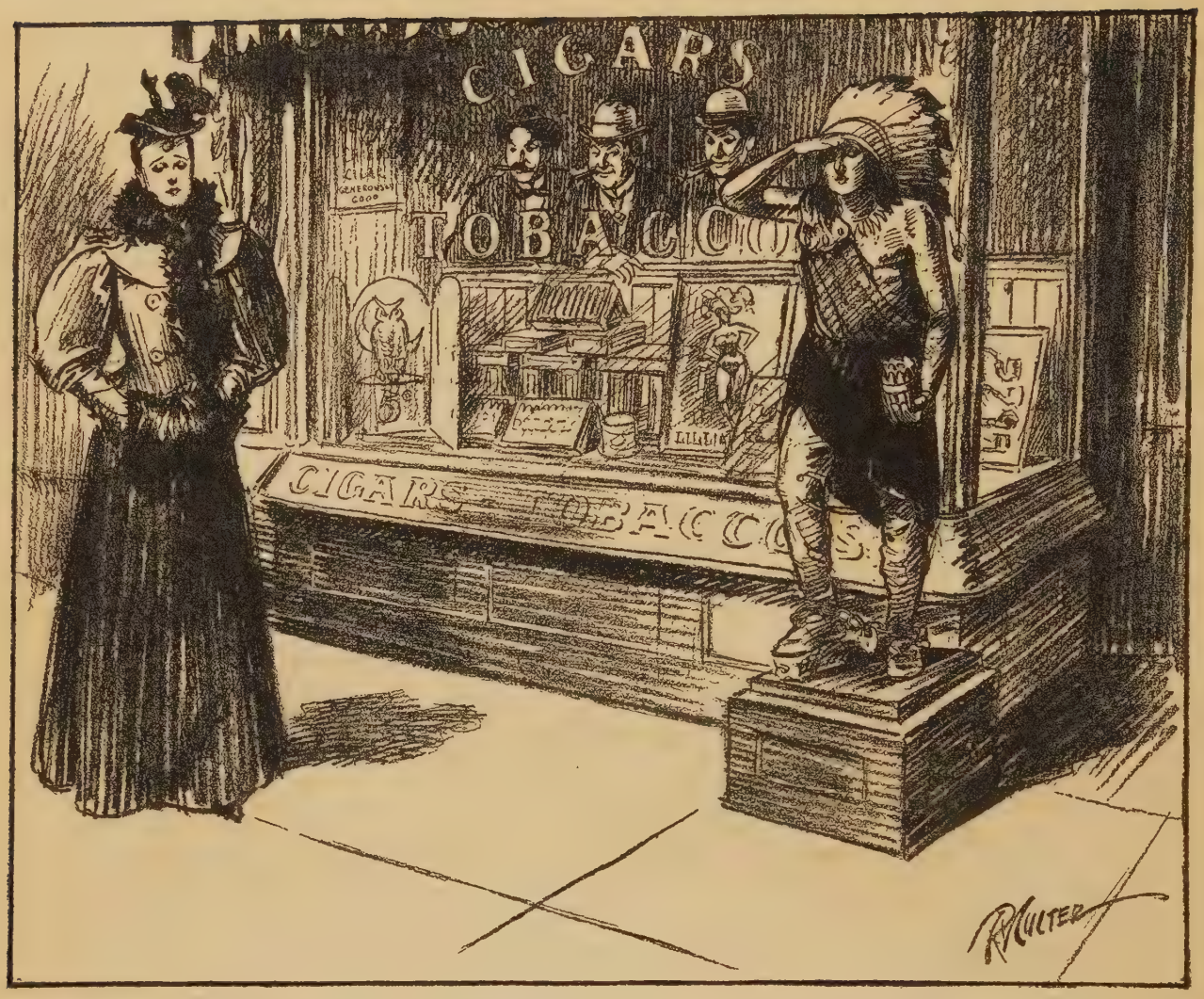
FAMILIAR SCENE ALONG ANY ASPHALT STREET ON A NICE SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN THE NINETIES, SHOWING A LADY TAKING UP THE NEW BICYCLE CRAZE IN A SERIOUS WAY.



A TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION IN THE DAYS WHEN A MAN'S POLITICS WERE IRREVOCABLY DECIDED BY HEREDITY. ONCE A DEMOCRAT, ALWAYS A DEMOCRAT—AND JOINING THE OPPOSITION OR SPLITTING YOUR TICKET PUT YOU BEYOND THE PALE OF SOCIETY ALONG WITH MURDERERS AND HIGHWAYMEN.

The Last Word in Compliments

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ETTA PURDY? SHE HARDLY SPOKE TO US."
"OH, SHE'S BEEN THAT WAY EVER SINCE SOMEBODY CALLED HER A GIBSON GIRL."



THE LAST STAND OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN—ALSO THE LAST STAND OF A GOOD FIVE-CENT CIGAR.

Business Item—"LIVELY TRADING ON THE CURB TO-DAY AMONG COLLECTORS OF CIGARETTE 'PITCHERS.' OFFERS OF TWO LILLIAN RUSSELLS FOR A DELLA FOX HAVE BEEN REPORTED MADE AND REFUSED."

A Gridiron Hero of the Mid-Nineties

APPARENTLY PROWESS UPON THE FIELD OF BATTLE IN THOSE DAYS DEPENDED, LIKE SAMSON'S OF OLD, UPON ONE'S ABILITY TO DODGE THE BARBER. IN THE BACKGROUND WE HAVE THE APPROVED KLASSY KUT KAMPUS KLOTHES OF THE PERIOD.

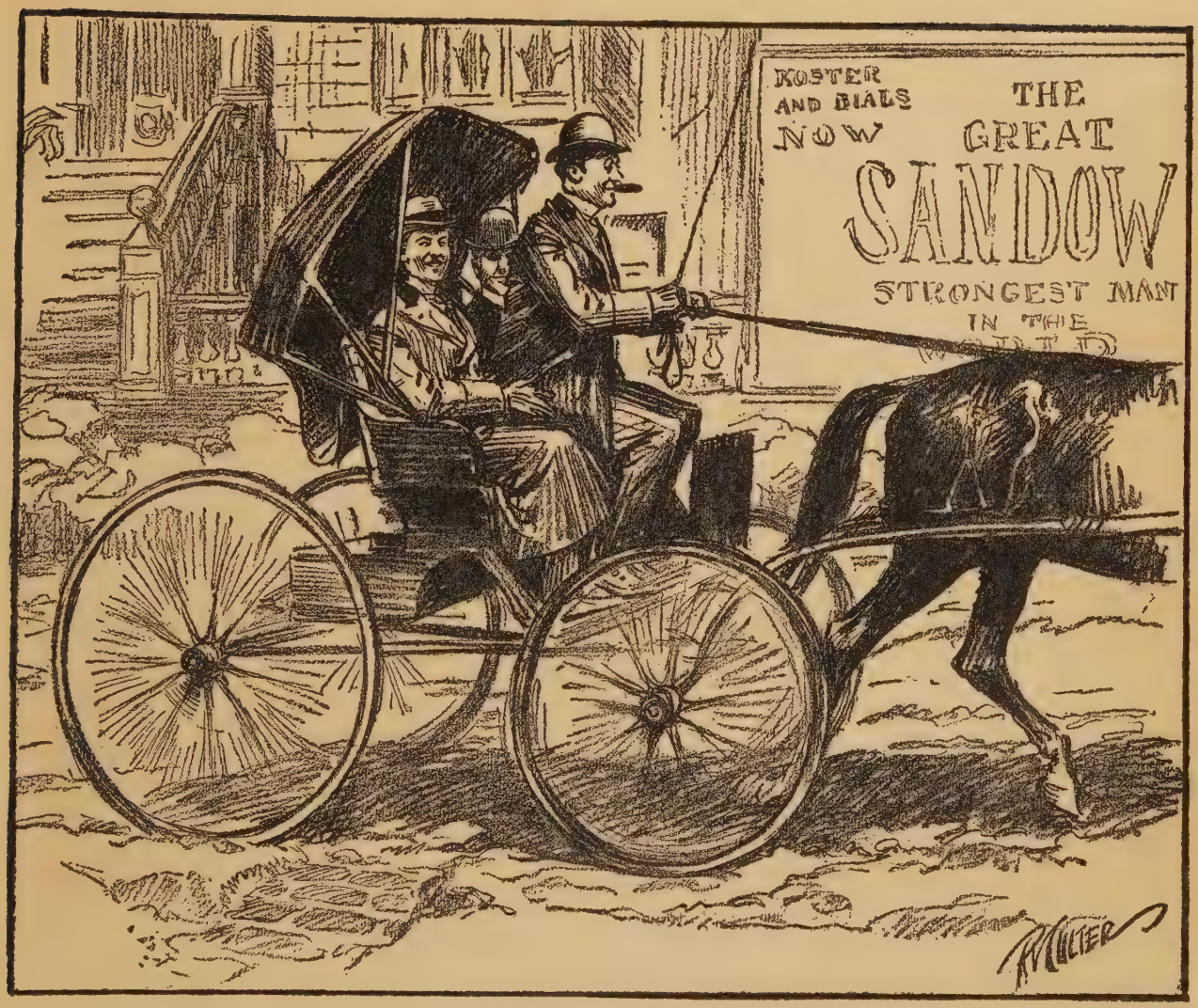
CHRISTMAS MORNING AT JAKE'S PLACE DOWN ON THE CORNER, WHERE HOT TOM AND JERRYS WERE "ON THE HOUSE" TO OLD CUSTOMERS. THIS SESSION USUALLY LASTED UNTIL SOMEBODY'S LITTLE WILLIE ARRIVED WITH THE MESSAGE, "MAMMA SAYS PAPA IS TO COME RIGHT STRAIGHT HOME—THE TURKEY'S ON THE TABLE."

BEFORE BOX OFFICES BECAME MERE PLACES WHERE DOCTORS LEAVE THEIR NAMES IN CASE OF A CALL —IT WAS ALWAYS POSSIBLE FOR THE PROVIDENT THEATRE-GOER TO PURCHASE STANDING-ROOM TICKETS AND THEN TIP THE USHER A QUARTER, AFTER THE FIRST ACT, FOR A GOOD SEAT DOWN FRONT.

"'Twas down by the Hackensack River,
Where the hackman drives his hack;
We'll dig for sweet potatoes
And shoot the Sealskin Sacque."

AND WHEN THEY SAID "SEALSKIN" IN THOSE DAYS THEY DIDN'T MEAN MAYBE, FOR THAT WAS BEFORE THE TIME WHEN MUSKRATS LIVED AS MUSKRATS AND DYED AS SEALS.

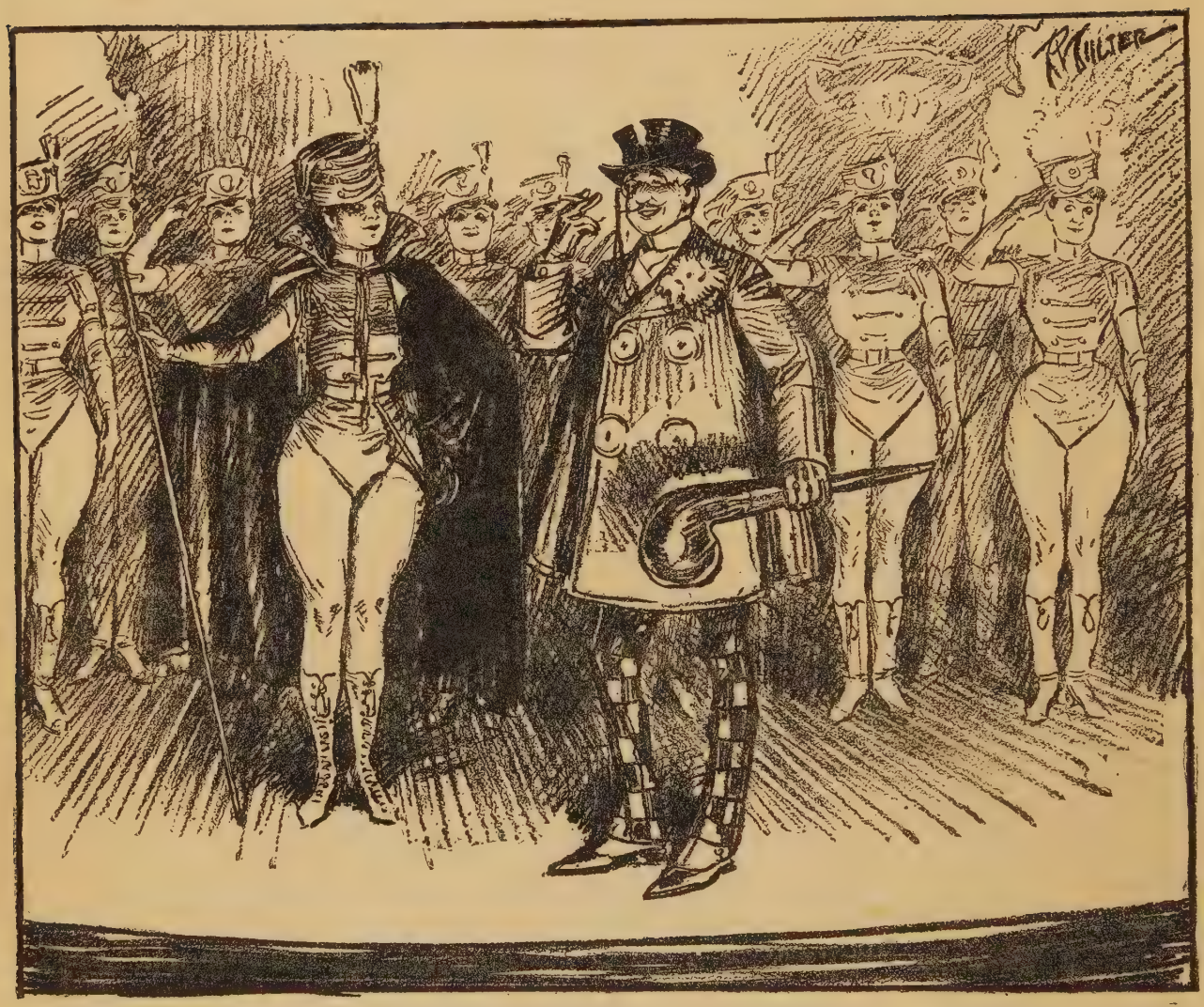
A "TONSORIAL PARLOR" IN THE DAYS WHEN SUCH PLACES WERE EXCLUSIVELY MASCULINE INSTITUTIONS WHERE ANECDOTE AND TOBACCO JUICE RAN FREELY. THAT WAS BEFORE THE RAZOR HAD BEEN MADE SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY, AND THE FLOWERY NAMES ON THE PRIVATE SHAVING MUGS FORMED A ROSTER OF THE TOWN'S MOST SUBSTANTIAL CITIZENS.



NEW YEAR'S DAY CALLS. YOUNG BLOODS OF THE NINETIES GOING THE ROUNDS OF THE PUNCH-BOWLS IN A LIVERY STABLE RIG HIRED FOR THE OCCASION.

A GROUP OF THE ALUMNI OF THE CLASS OF NINETY-SOMETHING JUST EVERLASTINGLY WHOOPING THINGS UP. *THOSE* WERE THE DAYS WHEN COLLEGE BOYS WERE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. HELLIONS—ASK ANY OLD GRAD.

THE FEVERISH CLIMAX OF A WILD EVENING—GETTING "HOME" THE LAST MAN FOR THE PARCHESI CHAMPIONSHIP



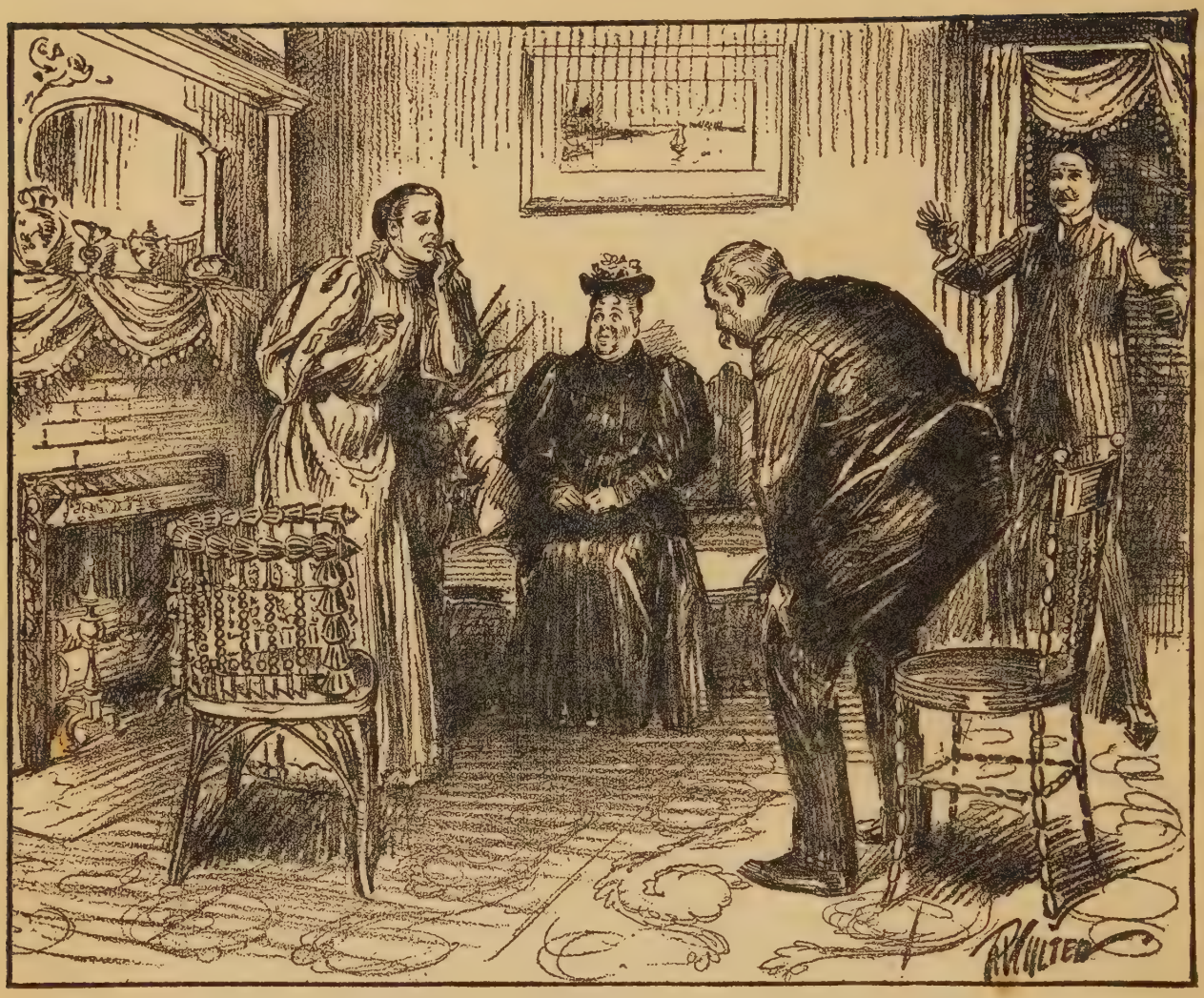
THE "DUDE"—THE SURE-FIRE LAUGH-GETTER OF THE NINETIES. A GODSEND TO THE COMIC ARTISTS OF THE DAY, AND A WOW ON ANY STAGE.

THE BAMBOO PORTIÈRES, A SOCIAL HAZARD OF THE FESTIVE NINETIES WHICH, SOONER OR LATER, MANAGED TO TRAP EVEN THE WARIEST.

A Sporting Event of the Nineties

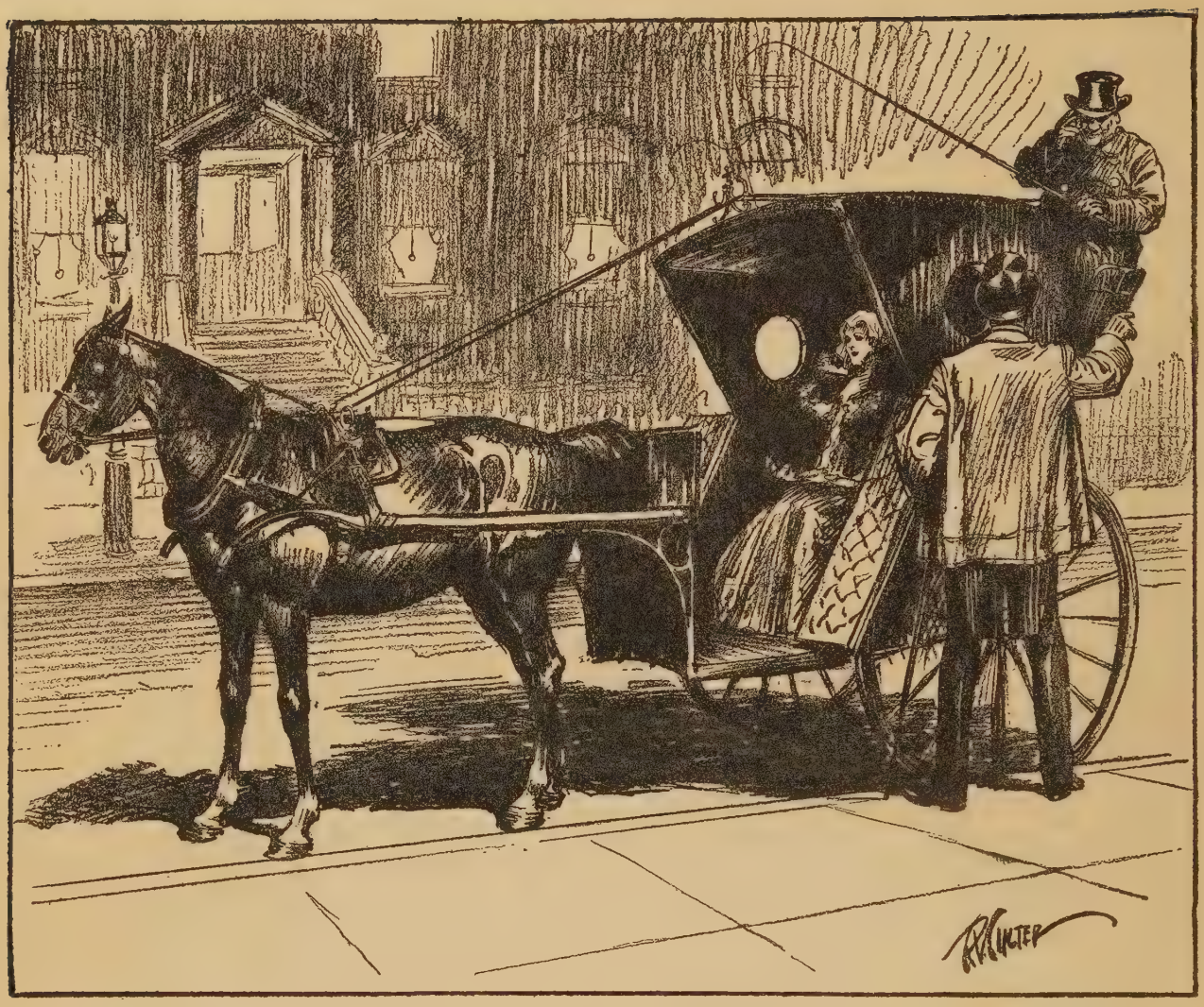
THE RACE FOR THE MAGNUM OF CHAMPAGNE OFFERED BY THE MANAGEMENT OF THE CASINO IN CENTRAL PARK TO THE ARRIVALS IN THE FIRST SLEIGH OF THE SEASON.

NO HONEYMOON OF THE EARLY NINETIES WAS COMPLETE UNTIL THE HAPPY PAIR HAD BEEN TINTYPED FOR THE EDIFICATION OF THE FOLKS BACK HOME.



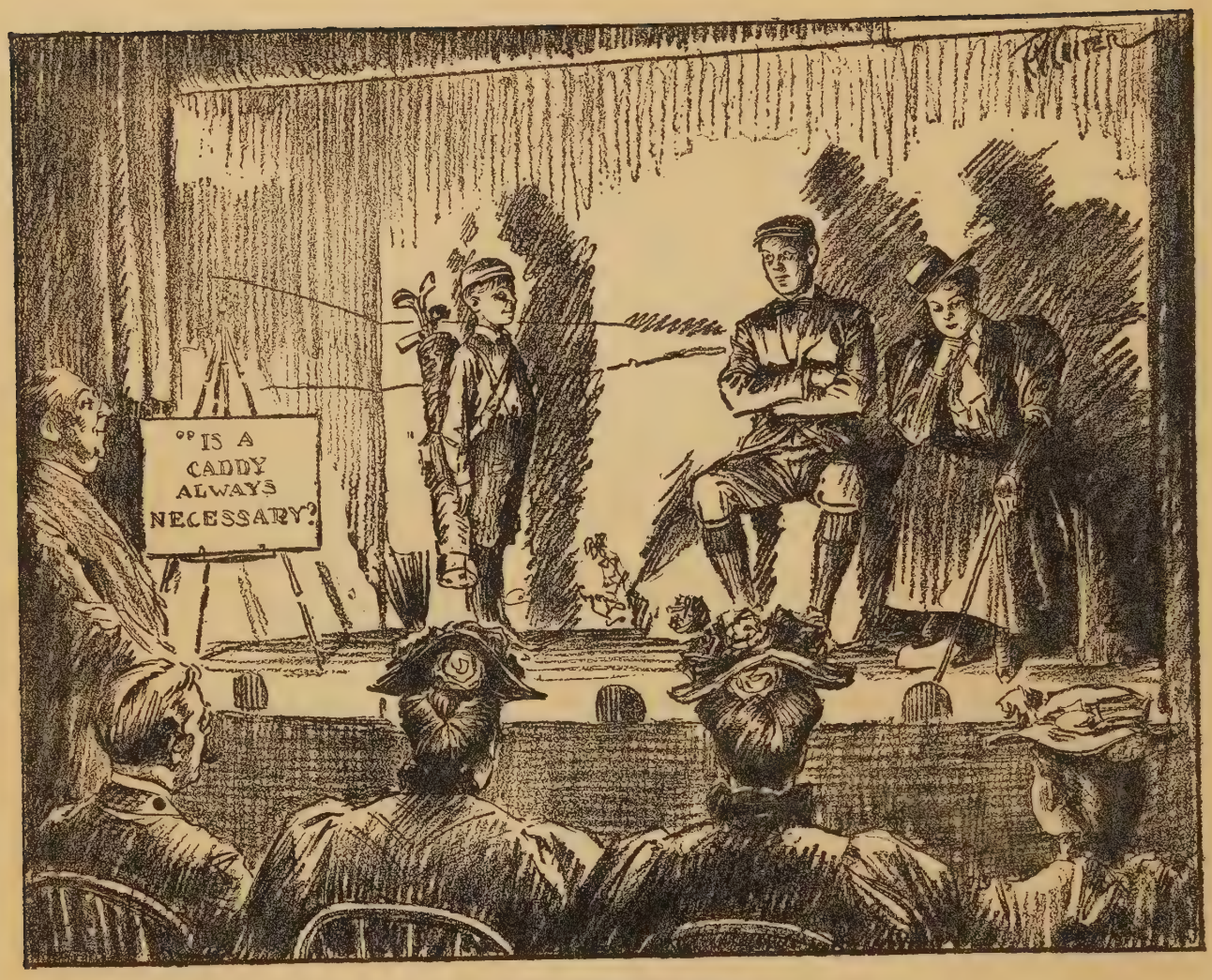
THE DINKY LITTLE GILT CHAIR WITH THE MENDED LEG WHICH SOMEHOW OR OTHER SEEMED TO BE STANDARD EQUIPMENT IN EVERY FORMAL "PARLOR" OF THOSE FESTIVE DAYS.

THE PREVAILING MODE IN SKIRTS, PLUS THE BICYCLE CLIPS DEMANDED BY THE FEMININE TRADE, ROBBED THE BOOTBLACK BUSINESS OF MUCH OF THE GLAMOUR IT ENJOYS TO-DAY.



. . HANDSOME WAS AS HANSOM DID.

BACK IN THE EARLY WELSBACH ERA, WHEN ANTHRACITE WAS STEADILY CLIMBING TO $4.50 A TON, THE YOUNGER GENERATION SUDDENLY BROKE OUT WITH THE DECALCOMANIA MANIA.



. . . THE GIBSON TABLEAU

A FAMILY LIABILITY IN THE BUXOM NINETIES—THE DAUGHTER WHO IS TOO SLENDER EVER TO BE STYLISH.

A WELCOME HARBINGER OF SPRING IN THE HOPELESSLY UNLEGISLATED NINETIES.

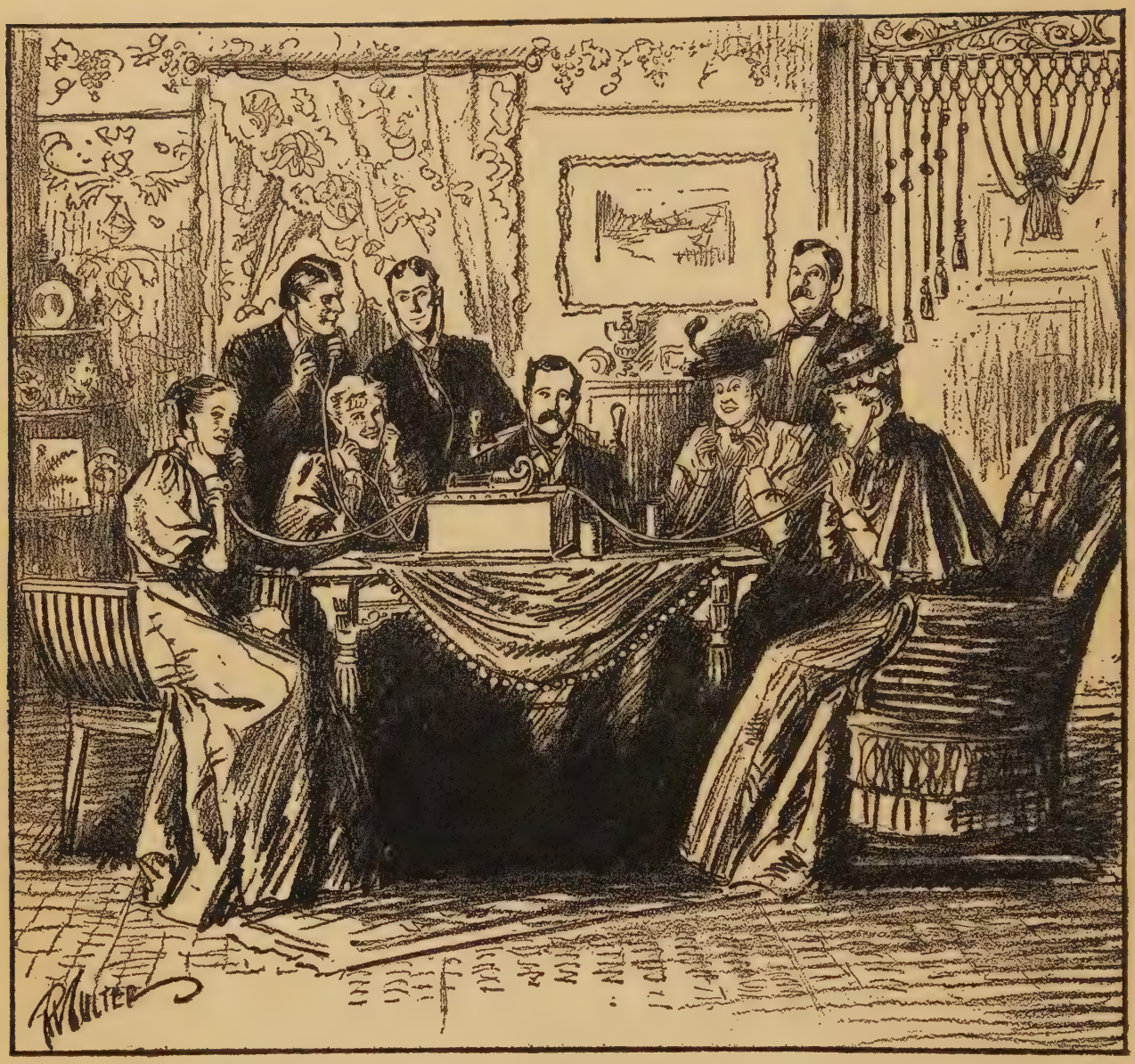
A HIGHLIGHT OF CHILDHOOD, IN THE INLAID BRUSSELS PERIOD, WAS THE DAY THE CARPET LAYER ARRIVED TO DO THE PARLOR. BUT THE WONDER OF WONDERS WAS—HOW HE COULD NEGOTIATE A MOUTHFUL OF SHARP TACKS AND A CHEW OF TOBACCO AT THE SAME TIME AND STILL REMAIN IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

BEFORE THE DAYS OF THE QUICK LUNCH, WHEN THE BUSINESS WORLD HAD NOT YET INVENTED "CONFERENCES" AND SUCH TERMS AS "PEP," "PUNCH," AND "SALES PSYCHOLOGY"—THE EVENT OF THE DAY WAS THE RETURN OF THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY FOR MID-DAY DINNER AND A NAP.

"Du, du liegst mir im Herzen,
Du, du liegst mir im Sinn."

A SOCIAL HAZARD IN THE NICE NINETIES—THE GUEST WHO INADVERTENTLY USED THE WORD "LEG" INSTEAD OF "LIMB."

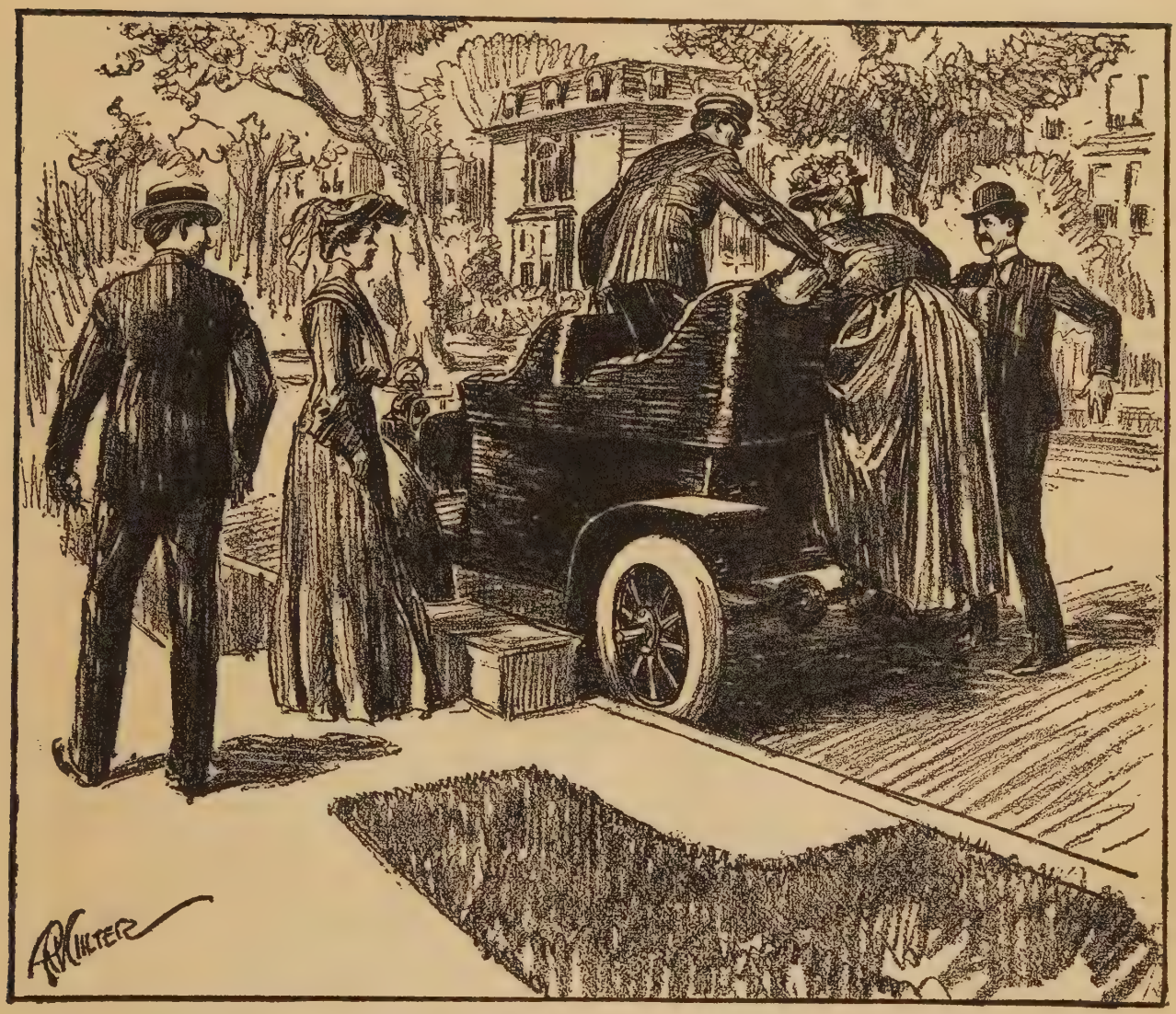
"AND IT ISN'T AS THOUGH HE HADN'T BEEN WARNED! I TOLD HIM ONLY YESTERDAY THAT A BODY WAS A FOOL TO CHANGE FROM THEIR ANKLE-LENGTH HEAVIES TO THEIR KNEE-LENGTH MEDIUMS AT THIS TIME OF YEAR."



THE NEIGHBORS DROP IN TO HEAR MR. EDISON'S LATEST INVENTION.

THE TÊTE-À-TÊTE CHAIR AND THE DANCE PROGRAM WITH ITS LITTLE PENCIL ON A SILKEN CORD—TWO FINE OLD INSTITUTIONS THAT HAVE GONE TO JOIN THE DODO BIRD.

A MIXED FOURSOME IN THE DAYS WHEN THE FAIRWAYS THEMSELVES, PLUS THE USUAL STRAY COW, WERE THE ONLY HAZARDS NECESSARY.



REAR DOORS IN AUTOMOBILES PROVE IMPRACTICAL.

THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM PEST—ONE OF THE WORST SOCIAL HAZARDS OF THE NINETIES. THERE IS MANY A DIGNIFIED BANK PRESIDENT TO-DAY WHOSE SIGNATURE GRACES SUCH SENTIMENTAL GEMS AS—

When you are married
And live upstairs,
Don't be like other folks
And put on airs.

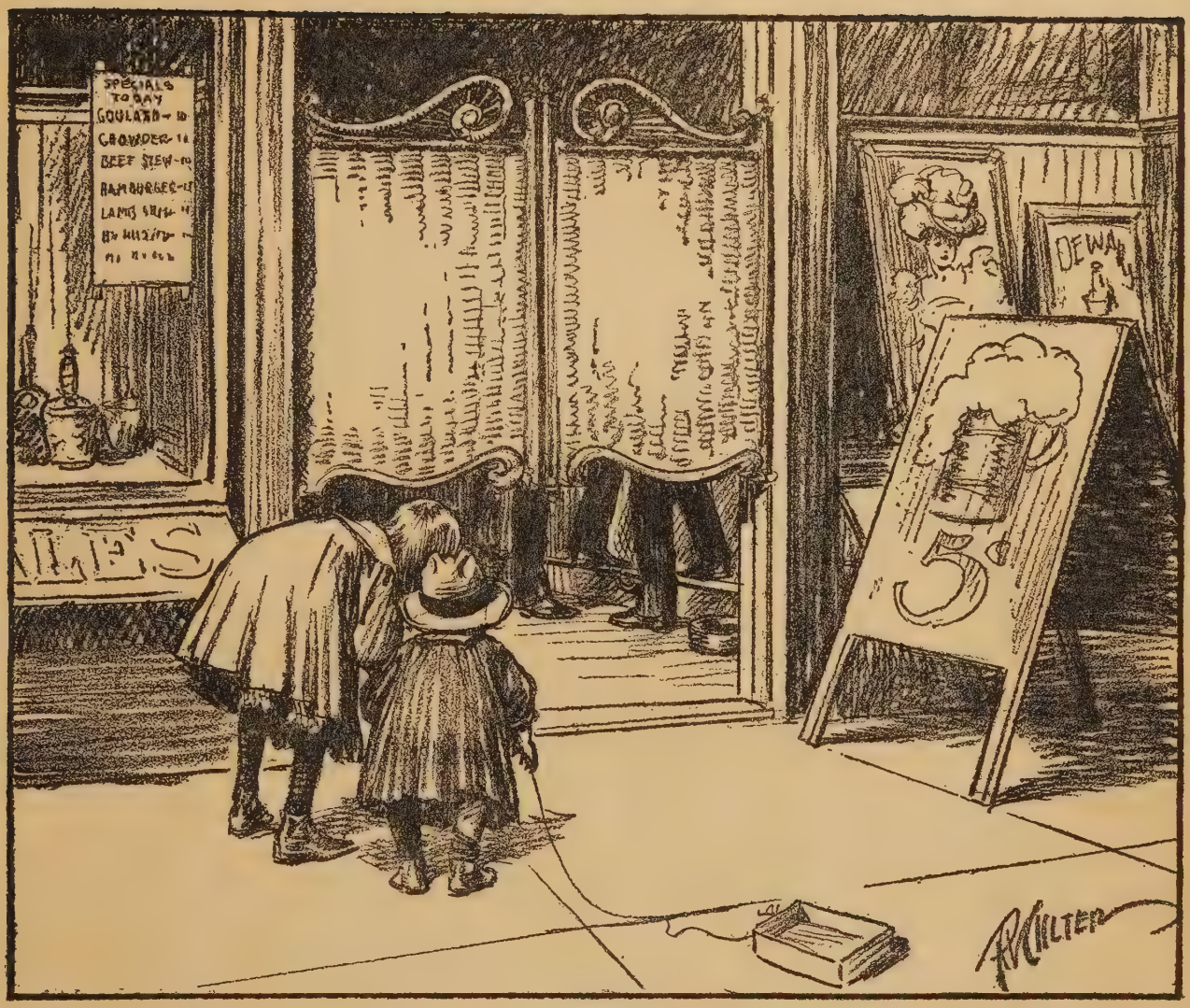
I take my pen into my hand
And grasp your album tight;
But 'pon my soul I cannot think
One single thing to write.

Remember me is all I ask
This simple boon of thee;
And let it be an easy task
To sometimes think of me.

When land and sea divide us
And you no more I see,
Remember it was Harry
Who wrote these lines to thee.

I wish you much,
I wish you plenty,
I wish you a husband
Before you are twenty.

When you're under the ground
And your bones are all rotten,
It is my sincere wish
That you'll not be forgotten.



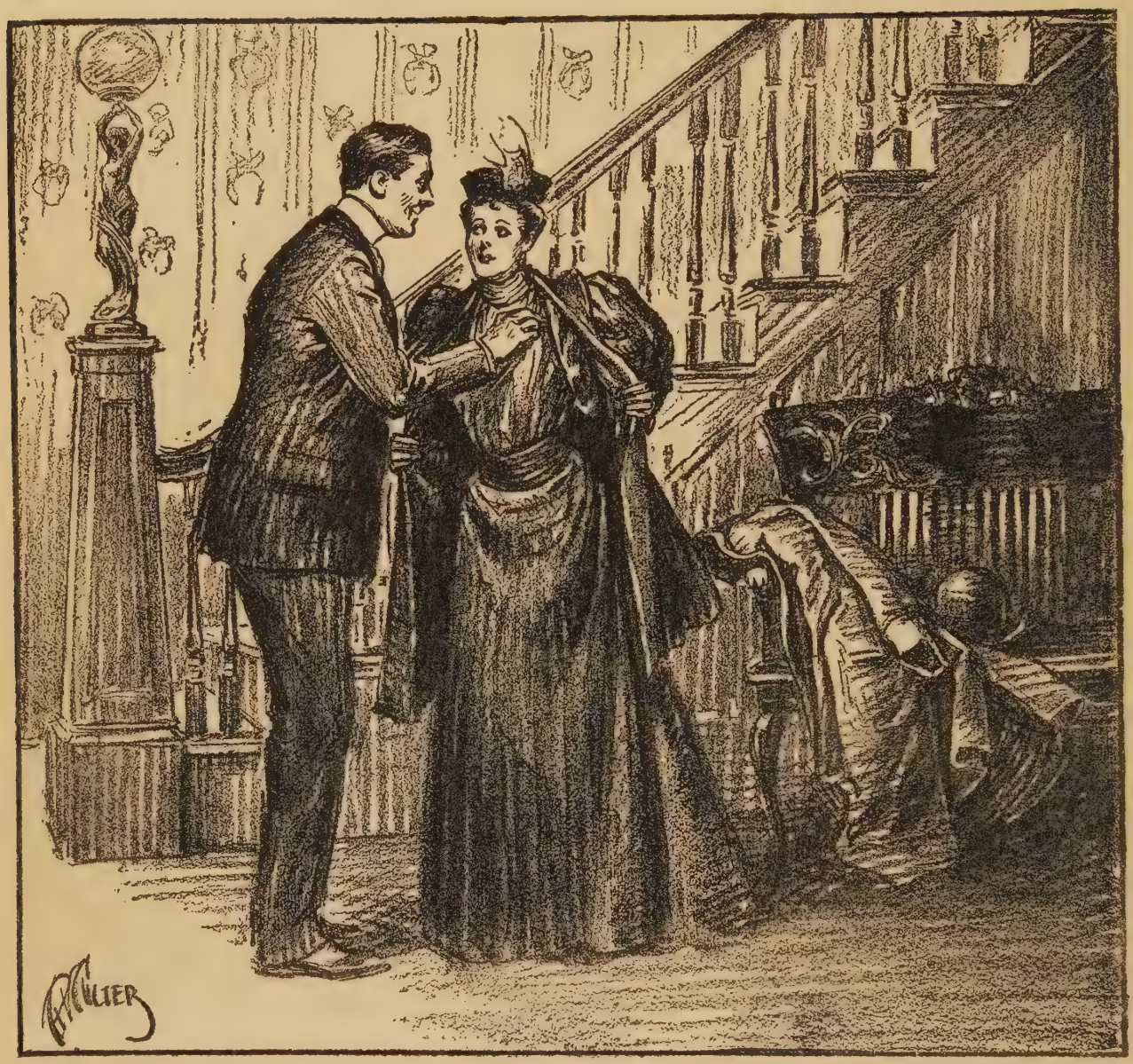
LOOKING FOR FATHER'S LEGS—A REGULAR ERRAND OF CHILDHOOD IN THE DAMPISH NINETIES.

"THIRTY *LOVE!*" "DEUCE!" "YOUR SERVE, *DEAREST!*" NO SPORT WILL EVER KNOW MORE HEROIC PIONEERS THAN THE BILL TILDENS OF THE NINETIES WHO HAD TO PASS THE LIVERY STABLE IN FULL TENNIS REGALIA.

A SNAPSHOT OF A WILD PICNIC IN THE PINKISH-PURPLE NINETIES WHICH SHOWS CONCLUSIVELY THE DEMORALIZING INFLUENCE OF THAT INVENTION OF THE DEVIL—THE BICYCLE—UPON THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

THERE WAS NOTHING TAME ABOUT CITY LIFE IN THE GAY NINETIES, WHAT WITH DODGING CABLE-CARS, HANSOMS, AND BICYCLES ALL DAY. AND EVEN THE NIGHT DID NOT BRING PEACE AND SECURITY, FOR THEN CAME THE GAMBLE WITH DEATH VIA THE FOLDING BED. THIS TWO-FACED ARTICLE OF FURNITURE—WHICH DURING THE DAY POSED AS AN INNOCENT CUPBOARD OR PIER GLASS—HAD A TREACHEROUS WAY OF SUDDENLY DECIDING IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT TO CLOSE UP AND RESUME ITS MASQUERADE. IN WHICH CASE, ONLY THE CHANCE OF YOUR MUFFLED CRIES BEING HEARD BY A WAKEFUL NEIGHBOR STOOD BETWEEN YOU AND THE PEARLY GATES.

THERE WAS ONE ADVANTAGE IN LIVING DURING THE BICYCLE ERA. A REALLY NICE GIRL IN THE NONE-TOO-SAFE NINETIES DIDN'T HAVE TO WALK HOME.



THE BALLOON SLEEVE FASHION WAS A GREAT BOON TO THE YOUNG LADY WITH A TIMID SWAIN. FOR IT WAS INDEED A HOPELESS CASE IF ANY FAINT-HEART COULD MANAGE TO STAY TONGUE-TIED AFTER COMPLYING WITH THE REQUEST, "PLEASE STUFF MY SLEEVES IN."

MARRIAGES—IN THE CAREFUL NINETIES—WERE SUPPOSED TO BE MADE IN HEAVEN. BUT THE COURTING HAD TO BE DONE UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF A LYNX-EYED CHAPERON RIGHT HERE ON EARTH.

THE STYLES OF THE DAY SOMETIMES PROVED A FACTOR IN THE POPULAR GAME OF CROQUET. FOR INSTANCE, THE MODISH LADY IN THE FOREGROUND, IN STROLLING ABOUT AWAITING HER TURN TO PLAY, HAS HAPPENED TO DRAG HER SKIRT ACROSS THE BALL, LEAVING IT—BY THE MEREST PRANK OF FATE—IN A MUCH BETTER POSITION FOR HER NEXT WICKET.

IN THESE DAYS OF FIVE-GALLON SHAKERS AND AMBISEXTROUS DRINKING IT IS HARD TO CONCEIVE THAT DURING THE SALOON-ON-ALL-FOUR-CORNERS NINETIES THE FEW HOSTS WHO BOTHERED TO SERVE THE STUFF AT ALL MIXED ONLY ENOUGH COCKTAILS TO PROVIDE ONE EACH FOR THE MALE GUESTS.

EVERY YOUNG GIRL IN THE NINETIES WENT THROUGH THE ART STAGE, JUST AS SHE WENT THROUGH MEASLES AND WHOOPING COUGH. BUT INSTEAD OF LEAVING HER WITH IMPAIRED EYESIGHT OR FALLING HAIR, THE MALADY LEFT THE HOUSEHOLD HOPELESSLY BURDENED WITH A HETEROGENEOUS COLLECTION OF CIGAR-BAND ASH-TRAYS, BERIBBONED HAND-PAINTED PIN CUSHIONS, SCENIC FIRE SHOVELS, GILDED ROLLING PINS, COPIES OF GIBSON DRAWINGS, AND ELABORATE BURNT-LEATHER PILLOWS. OH, THOSE WERE THE ARTY DAYS.

AGAIN THE WOMEN'S FASHIONS OF THE DAY BECAME A FACTOR OF IMPORTANCE WHEN THE BE-GOGGLED, GAUNTLETED, LINEN-DUSTERED AUTOMOBILIST GOT DOWN TO HIS LAST MATCH IN TRYING TO LIGHT THE ACETYLENE HEADLIGHTS IN A HIGH WIND.

BEFORE THE DAY OF THE SOCIAL REGISTER ONE COULD TELL WHO WAS WHO IN A TOWN BY THE FRONT LAWNS. FOR INSTANCE—A LAWN CUT UP BY MERE STAR-AND-CRESCENT FLOWER-BEDS MEANT COMFORTABLE RESPECTABILITY. THE ADDITION OF A RUSTIC TRIPOD WITH A KETTLE OF GROWING FLOWERS WAS ANOTHER STEP UP THE SOCIAL LADDER—BUT AN IRON STAG ADDED TO THESE MEANT POSITIVE AFFLUENCE.

"BETTER SELL THAT TIE, NEWT; IT'LL NEVER GET ANY HIGHER!" CHIRPED THE SMART CRACKER OF THE BON-MOTTY NINETIES WHEN SOMEBODY'S NECKWEAR SLIPPED ITS MOORINGS ON THE BACK COLLAR BUTTON AND STARTED UPWARD ON A TOUR OF ADVENTURE.

"The Bowery, the Bowery!
They say such things and they do such things
On the Bowery! the Bowery!
I'll never go there any more!"

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE FELLOW WHO USED TO SAY, "I'LL JUST HAVE A LITTLE CELERY TONIC"?

BACK IN THE HALCYON DAYS WHEN "THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK" WAS A POPULAR SONG INSTEAD OF A POLITICAL SLOGAN, THE BUSINESS DAY OF SMALL TOWNS WAS PERIODICALLY INTERRUPTED BY THE CLARION STRAINS OF "TA-RA-RA BOOM-DE-AY" AND "A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TO-NIGHT." WHEREUPON EVERYBODY—ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO OWNED HORSES PARKED NEAR MAIN STREET—WOULD RUSH OUT TO WATCH THE MINSTREL PARADE PASS BY.

THE DOORWAY WITH THE HOMEY TITLE, UP EVERY SIDE STREET IN THE "LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE" NINETIES, WHERE THE FAIR SEX COULD OFFSET A HARD DAY'S WASHING BY "RUSHING THE GROWLER." ("A PINT OF DARK, GUS, AND NOT TOO MUCH COLLAR THIS TIME!") THIS INCONSPICUOUS PORTAL OF CHEER WAS ALSO A BOON TO HUSBANDS OF W. C. T. U.'S AND OVERRASH INDIVIDUALS WHO—IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT—HAD SWORN OFF.

ACTOR FOLKS BEFORE THE DAYS OF BOOKING AGENCIES. THE ROAD COMPANIES OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" OFTEN TRAVELED ON VERY THIN ICE.

IN THE "YOU-JUST-KNOW-SHE-WEARS-'EM" NINETIES THE GALLANT LOVER HAD TO FIGHT COLD STEEL TO WIN HIS LADY FAIR.

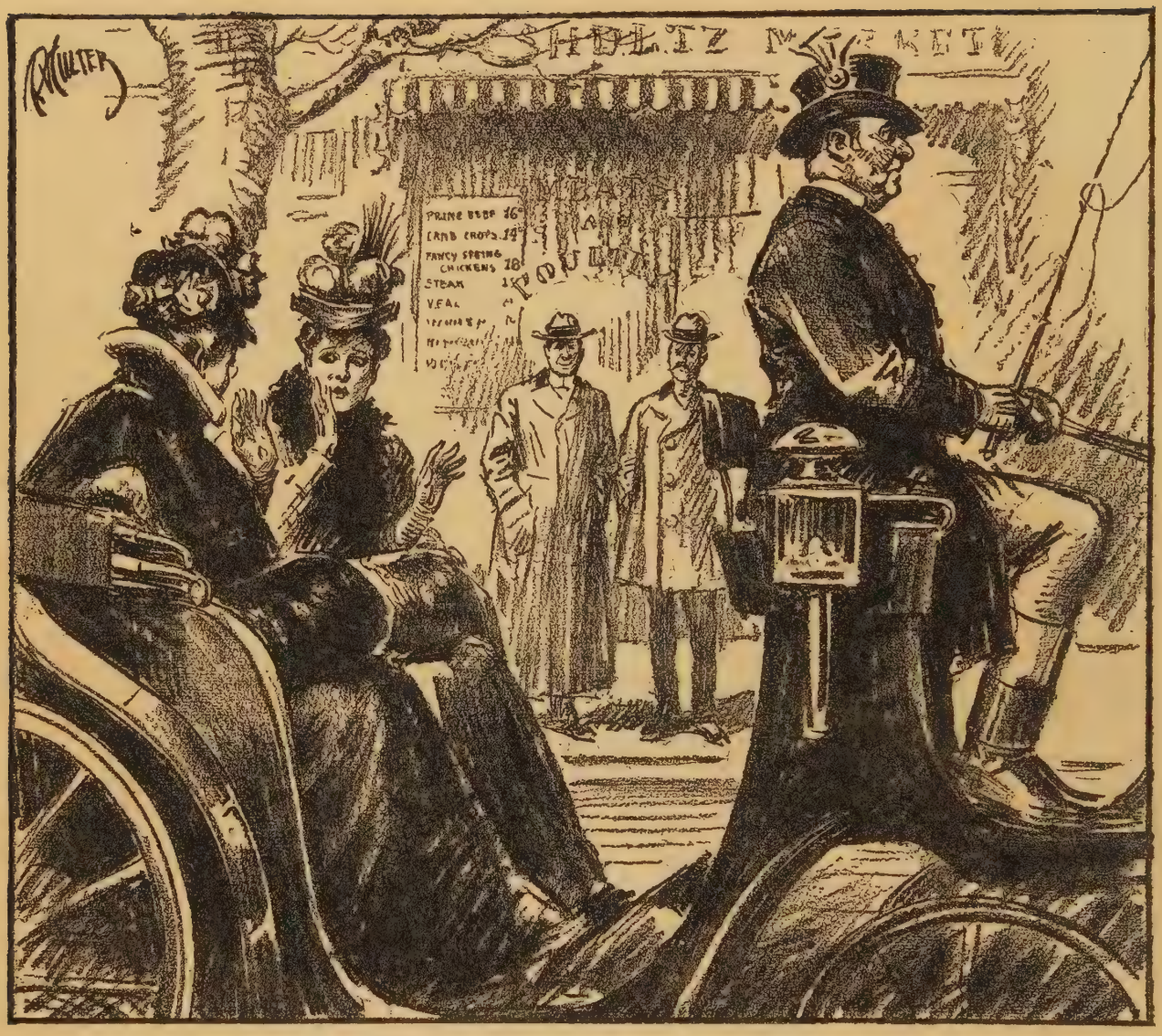
PESTERED PILOTS OF THE PRESENT CAN BLAME THIS PIONEER PERIOD FOR PROPAGATING THAT POISONOUS PESSIMIST OF THE JOY RIDE—THE BACK-SEAT DRIVER.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO INTRODUCED TO A STARTLED WORLD LA BELLE FATIMA, THE ORIGINAL "LITTLE LA-DEE WITH THE MAH-VELL-IOUS MUSCLE CONTROL" IN HER FAMOUS COUCHIE-COUCHIE—A DANCE WHICH SOMEHOW PROVED MUCH MORE POPULAR WITH THE MALE POPULATION THAN WITH HER OWN SEX. AND THE TIN-PAN ALLEY OF THE PERIOD CASHED IN ON THIS POPULARITY WITH THE SONG·

"She never saw the 'Streets of Cairo,'
To the 'Midway' she had never been;
She never danced the 'Couchie-Couchie,'
Simple little country maid."

BACK IN THE THROW-AWAY-THE-KEY NINETIES MR. RAINES PUT OVER THE BRIGHT IDEA IN NEW YORK THAT MEALS ON SUNDAY SHOULD HAVE THE SAME LIQUID STIMULUS AS THOSE DURING THE WEEK. WHEREUPON, PROMPTLY AT MIDNIGHT SATURDAY, AN ALLEGED SANDWICH APPEARED UPON EACH LITTLE TABLE OF THE COZY ROOM BEHIND THE BARS, WHICH WAS SUPPOSED TO DO VALIANT DUTY AS THE "MEAL" UNTIL MONDAY MORNING. AND MANY A DULL SUNDAY WAS BRIGHTENED FOR THE SERIOUS DRINKERS BY SOME OUT-OF-TOWNER WHO MISINTERPRETED THIS SOP-TO-THE-LAW AND TOOK THE PROPERTY SANDWICH AT ITS FACE VALUE.

THE CHILDREN OF THE NINETIES DID NOT HAVE TO TAKE THEIR SANTA CLAUS ON MERE HEARSAY. ONCE A YEAR THIS PERSON OF MYSTERY, WITH MISPLACED OBESITY, STRANGELY FAMILIAR VOICE AND PICCADILLY SHOES, APPEARED IN PERSON IN EVERY HOME AND WAS A GREAT SUCCESS WITH EVERY ONE BUT THE CHILDREN THEMSELVES.



"MY DEAR, YOU *MUST* BE MORE CAREFUL. JUST NOW WHEN YOU STEPPED INTO THE CARRIAGE I COULD SEE CLEAR UP TO YOUR SHOE TOPS!"

BACK IN THE HALLOWED CUT-GLASS ERA THE WILY ANIMAL-SKIN RUG WITH THE MOUNTED HEAD LAY IN WAIT FOR THE UNWARY IN EVERY HOME OF AFFLUENCE AND PROBABLY CLAIMED MORE VICTIMS IN DEATH THAN IT EVER DID IN LIFE. ITS TATTERED EARS, BUSTED EYES, AND MISSING TEETH TESTIFIED TO MANY YEARS OF DAILY CONTACT WITH GRANDPA'S BOOT, AND IF MEMBERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD COULDN'T SEEM TO AVOID IT—WHAT CHANCE HAD THE HAPLESS STRANGER WITHIN THEIR GATES?

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE GIRL WHO USED TO SHINE HER SHOES ON THE BACK OF HER STOCKING?

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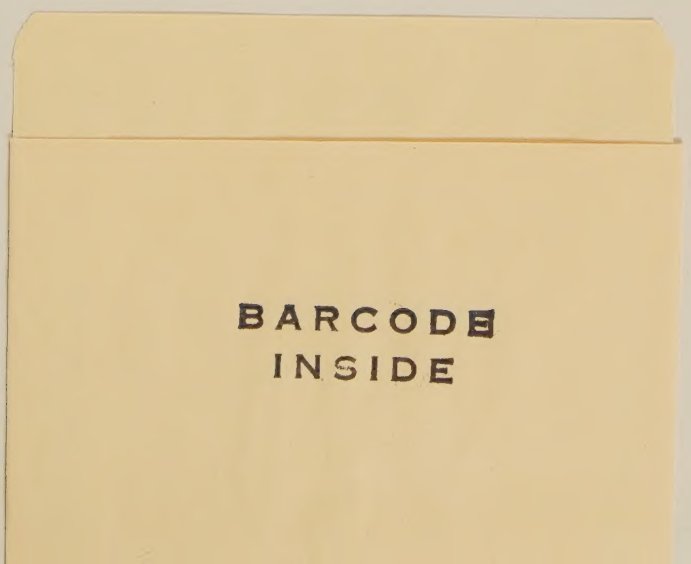
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